

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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**LOVE OF FAME,
THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.**

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL

SATIRES.

*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru.
Non minus ignotos generosis.*

Hor.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public;—or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions: ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate, is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it to ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason, because, what men aim at them, is generally public opinion and esteem; which

truth, is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, *laughing* satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion; he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather from emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer and reader

too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own, commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, Pressness, particularly; whereas, it appears to me that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit if not the wit of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire: you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it, is *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior*.*

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the weak in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles, for the wise will hold

* Val. Max.

them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for, though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal footing with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own: they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the Birth of Love, one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern Poetry. 'Love (says he,) is the son of the goddess Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things serious and useful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he

inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant begger of favors, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his servility, his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him.' This addition may be made, viz. that Poetry, like love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honors; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favors, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother, especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

—————

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

—————

—Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.

JUV. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire; DORSET! lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame:
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B——c,* or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame,—but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire! true to Virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flattered crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage:
When purchased follies, from each distant land,
Like arts improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shews her teeth but dares not
bite, [light:
And South-sea treasures are not brought to

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics
quit,

Polite apostates from God's grace to wit ;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore ;
To chafe our spleen, which themes like these
increase,

Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease ?

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Ethiop white ?

Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a post ?

Shall funeral Eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?

Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise ?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful
train,

Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain ?

Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled ;

Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,

He will not write ; and (more provoking still !)

Ye gods ! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,

* Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæsar's Comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

The courtly Roman's* shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to
raise.

What will not men attempt for sacred praise?

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches,
pleads,

Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here to S———e's† humour makes a bold pre-
tence,

There bolder aims at P———y's‡ eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud, her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the bribed cuckold, like crowned victims
borne

To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they
went:

* Horace.

† Sir Richard Steele.

‡ Wm. Pulteney, Esq.

One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rd a book,
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title 'T——* had dropp'd his quill,
'T—— might have passed for a great genius
still.

But T——, alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.†

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning
dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork, learn'd quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

* Dr. Trapp, when Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed: but upon his blank-verse version of Virgil, vol. i. Dr. Evans of St. John's College, Oxon, sent the following distich:

' Read the Commandments, Trapp, translate no further; —

' For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.'

† Alluding to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, entitled, *Shakespeare Restored*, in opposition to Mr. Pope's edition of that author.

Polite diseases make some ideots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see,
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with
Pride;

Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? The love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurled down the burning steep;
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep;
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her loved lord has four half months
been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspired (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learned to spell, and some to
knot.

It makes Globose a speaker in the House;
He hems, and is delivered of his mouse:
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs
pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin!
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line

Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.

My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!

Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room:

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,

By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes

Above the man by *three descents* less wise?

If virtues at his noble hands you crave,

You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.

Men should press forward in Fame's glorious
chase;

Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more
Nothing—but merit in a low estate. [great?

To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer

Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.

Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,

Slight or important, only by their place?

'Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;

The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,

Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,

Like thee in worth hereditary shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must ow

We want not fools to buy that Bristol stonen

Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-sea tide

Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,

Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate

And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
 They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
 Those governments which curb not evils, cause,
 And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
 He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
 But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
 Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
 In cost and grandeur C——dos* he'll outdo;
 And, B——l——ton,† thy taste is not so true,
 The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
 And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
 When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
 And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
 Provides a home from which to run away.[pay,
 In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
 But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
 Not domes, but antique statues are his flame:
 Not F——t——e's‡ self more Parian charms has
 known,

Nor is good P——b——ke more in love with stone.
 The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
 And bid him turn his Venns into gold.

'No, Sirs,' he cries! 'I'll sooner rot in jail:
 Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?
 Such heads might make their very bustos laugh:
 His daughter starves; but Cleopatra's§ safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate,
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;

* Duke of Chandos.

† Earl of Burlington.

‡ Sir Andrew Fountaine, and the Earl of Pembroke,
 both great admirers of antique statues,

§ A famous statue.

The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're
By your revenue measure your expense, [mad.
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But, how, my Muse! canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords,
'What lords are those saluting with a grin?'
One is just out, and one as lately in,
'How comes it then to pass we see preside
On both their brows an equal share of pride?'
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's to their ravish'd
sight
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses,' into serpents in their hands,
These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
With pride inverted, of their honors lost:
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in. [strive
What numbers here, through odd ambition,
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by joy, desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.

Completely dress'd by Monteuil* and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face :
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady B—'st hair :
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labor to be glad.

What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day?
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the Town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, Stoick-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy but the great
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show ;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene ;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there ;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd ;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows ;
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still :

* A famous tailor.

† The venerable grey-headed Countess of Bristol.

Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsey you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task
renew;

Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-Atheists made by church-debates,
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates,
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind,
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Ser—pe* discreetly bend,
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;

* Mr. Scroope, a great money lender.

Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

SATIRE II.

My Muse! proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Though toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line.

Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.

When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write,

So weak are human-kind by Nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colors dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown;*
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal
skies?

Why shines the sun! to make Paul Diac* rise.

* This refers to the First Satire.

* Paul Diac, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest,
oping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good,
What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair;
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.
Of solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
'The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C—! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist! thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour;
He rag'd! he roar'd! 'What dæmon cropt my
flow'r! [me;
Serene, quoth Adam, 'Lo! 'twas crush'd by
'Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
knee.

But all men want amusement, and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
We grant the're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, of
An ther Florio doating on a flow'r; [pow'r?
A short liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
 The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
 Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings flow,
 And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
 How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too.
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
 Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
 That science should be purchas'd, by the yard,
 And T—nt, turn'd upholsterer, send home
 The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
 Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
 Or is it at best a secondary aim,
 A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
 If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
 But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduced his rent;
 His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on;
 A choice collection! what is to be done?
 He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
 Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
 So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
 For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals, ran.
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by
 the clerk,

LORENZO sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's liveries alone.
 Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
 Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;

+ Jacob Tonson fitted up many libraries of gilt books
 for South Sea Coxcombs, 1720.

And to their cost another must succeed.
To pay a sage who says that he can read ;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between ;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O——!† whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood.
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honor ! and the finest taste !
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit !
But time his fervent petulance may cool,
For though he is a wit he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense,
No make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomsday, all the faults of all mankind.

What though wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd ;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak, or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set :

† Charles, Earl of Oxford.

Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
 The fame men give us for the joy they find;
 Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless thinks himself a wit,
 To pay my compliment what place so fit?
 His most facetious Letters* came to hand,
 Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand;
 If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
 Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave?
 For all but such with caution I forbore;
 'That thou wast *either* I ne'er knew before:
 I know thee now, both what thou art and who;
 No mask so good but Marcus must shine through:
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
 'Thy best concealment had been writing well:
 But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
 Of others' fame, great Genius: and thy own.
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
 The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits some proudly lull
 Their peevish reason, vain of being dull: [souls,
 When some home joke has stung their solemn
 In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
 Through spleen, that little Nature gave make
 Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness. [less,
 To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
 And disinherit sons that are awake. [spit.
 These, when their utmost venom they would
 Most barbarously tell you—'He's a wit.'
 Poor negroes thus, to show their burning spite
 To cacodemons, say they're *dev'lish* white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
 Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.

* Letters sent to the Author signed Marcus.

How just his grief? one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father's lead,
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The dunghill-breed of men a di'mond scorn,
 And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
 white,

Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son,
 And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,
 One learns to lisp, another not to see;
 Miss D——, * tott'ring, catches at your hand;
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand? [pride,
 Whilst these what Nature gave disown, through
 Others affect what Nature has deny'd;
 What Nature has deny'd, fools will pursue,
 As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport!
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support:
 He hems, and cries, with an important air,
 'If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair;
 Then quotes the Stagiritet to prove it true, [new!
 And adds, 'The learn'd delight in something
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
 As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
 In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
 Though Satire couch them with her keenest pen)

* Miss Duncomb.

† Aristotle.

For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace;
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought
reclin'd?

The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.

I find the fool when I behold the screen,
For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.

Hence, ———,† that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner, nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou sur-
vey'd

Of court and town the noontide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizer quite dis-
And hide secure behind a naked face? [grace,
Where Nature's end of language is declin'd
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother, is undone?

These all their care extend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen,
How blank his look? how discompos'd his mein?
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a silver lace.

† Dodington.

D 3

A curious artist long inur'd so toils
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
 So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame; [lies,
 His sumptuous watch-case, though conceal'd it
 Like a good conscience, solid joys supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
 St—pe* in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.†
 Whene'er by seeming chance, he throws his eye
 On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?
 But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
 In active measures, brought from France, lie
 wheels,

And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.
 So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
 A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
 Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd:
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
 Valu'd like leopards, as their spots appear.
 A fam'd surtout he wears, which once was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe:
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
 Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his frame;
 But open force was vain; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent:

* Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield,

† Lord Deloraine

‘Where yawn’d the frieze is now become a doubt
And glory at one entrance, quite shut out.’*

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Wigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkies, when they
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass, [pass,
While both are one, and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

‘But what art thou?’ methinks Florello cries;
‘Of all thy species art thou only wise?’
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello! thou my monitor shalt be,
I’ll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme, [prose.
Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment’s past;
I’m nearer death in this verse than the last

John Milton.

What then is to be done? be wise with speed :
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him two favors, and he'll ask for three: -
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid flame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favor my attempts that way alone;
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own,
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.

Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
Or if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould:
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse,

'Your work is long,' the critics cry, 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labor, if its length you blame;
For grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page;
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollowed oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding cries,
'Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!
Ye Doctors sage! who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practice what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles or parentage:

Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless will be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look;
Another judges, for he bought the book: [keep;
Some judge, their knack of judging wroug to
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state:
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry,
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and
die. [crown

Rail on, my Friends! what more my verse can
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:
Their various cares in one great point combine
The bus'ness of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the Town,
Feeds twice a-week to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.

If man by feeding well commences great,
 Much more the worm, to whom that man is
 To glory some advance a lying claim, [meat.
 Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
 They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
 Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
 And H——y's* eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops by whom she ne'er was seen.
 Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
 To covet shame still greater than his own.
 Bathyllus in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind Barbantio turns to fame,
 Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's
 name;

Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
 And takes a memorandum to forget.
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
 Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
 So most grow infamous through love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
 When those who bring that incense we despise?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n satire blame them; for tis true,
 They have most ample cause for what they do.
 O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of fools to stock the continent.
 Though Phœbus and the Nime for ever now,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow,

* Lady Hervey.

'The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well-paid heralds damn.
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest.
What need he say? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no writer than before.
Is there of these, ye Fair! so great a dearth,
'That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some vain of paintings bid the world admire;
Of houses some; nay, houses that they hire:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes through pride, the sexes change
their airs;

My lord has vapors, and my lady swears;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

'To them the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis followed, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it too;
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

'To err,' says he, 'in small things is my fate.'
You know your answer, He's exact in great.
'My style,' says he, 'is rude and full of faults,'
But, oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!

'That he wants algebra he must confess;
 'But not a soul to give our arms success.'
 'Ah! that's an hit indeed,' Vincenna cries;
 'But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
 I own 'twas wrong when thousands call'd me
 To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack; [back
 All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny:
 Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die.'
 Could this deceive in others, to be free,
 It ne'er Vincenna! could deceive in thee,
 Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
 So clear the dullest cannot take thee wrong:
 Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
 And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
 Are these expedients for renown! confess
 Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
 Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, shall make.
 Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
 In hardy service make a long campaign;
 Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
 And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
 With painful art and application warm,
 And take at last some little place by storm,
 Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
 And starve upon discreetly in Sheer-lane.
 Already this thy fortune can afford,
 Then starve without the favor of my Lord.
 'Tis true great fortunes some great men confer,
 But often, ev'n in doing right they err:
 From caprice, not from choice, their favors come;
 They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
 The man that's nearest, yawning they advance:
 'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.

If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed;
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess'd:
Philander thou art exquisitely bless'd:
The public envy! Now, then, 'tis allow'd
The man is found who may be justly proud:
But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
'Their taste would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as
Away the disenchanted fair would throng[well;
And own that English is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern taste refine
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine: [gay,
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are,
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.

'Are we not then allow'd to be polite?'
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found
'Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
 To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
 Well, H——r,† dost thou thy master serve;
 Well has he seen his servant should not starve:
 Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
 In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
 Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
 Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
 Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;
 Thy sacrifice supreme, an hundred maids!
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
 If maids the quite exhausted Town denies,
 An hundred heads of cuckolds may suffice.
 Thou smil'st, well pleased with the converted
 To see the fifty churches at a stand. [land,
 And that thy minister may never fail,
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
 Of minor prophets, a succession sure,
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.
 See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State,
 In solemn council met, and deep debate!
 What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
 'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
 Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddle-strings!
 Though bold these truths, thou, Muse! with
 truths like these
 Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please:
 Let others flatter to be flattered, thou,
 Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
 How terrible it were to common sense
 To write a satire which gave none offence?

† Heidegger, director of the masquerades.

And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads
fall, [all.

Knaves know the game, and honest men pay
How hard for real worth to gain its price?

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If bless'd with pliant, though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face.
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain,
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May Doddington! this maxim fail in you.
Whom my prasaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fired, and friendship
graced,

Still higher in your prince's favour placed,
And lending, here, those awful councils aid
Which you abroad with such success obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendship
dear:

What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

End of Satire Third.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RT. HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows, [boughs:
And breathes her sweets on the supporting
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse should be
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton! born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown:
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all im-
proves;

Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves:
But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred stream, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunc is an almanac of state.

E'S

You smile, and think this statesman void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Constantian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate Not Content can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel
An incapacity for smaller things. [kings?
Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehemmo leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still;
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot:
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul:
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison; good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with won-
drous force;

But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their Mercury is high or low.
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark.
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray

While C——* mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.

C——,* who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a Freemason with some terror names
Omits no duty: nor can Envy say
He miss'd, these many years, the church or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can outbow the bowing Dean:
A smile eternal on his lips he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the 'Town his face,
For ornament in every public place:
As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race,
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list by Nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human-kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream
along,

Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

* Anthony Collins, Esq, founder, of the sect of Free-thinkers.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
 Some for renown are singular and odd;
 What other men dislike, is sure to please,
 Of all mankind, these dear antipodes:
 Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
 And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
 Arb—t* is a fool, and F——† a sage,
 S—ly† will fright you, E—— engage: [scends,
 By Nature streams run backward, flame de-
 Stones mount, and S——x‖ is the worst of
 friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
 And blush if you surprise them in the right;
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Q——y§ is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
 Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense
 is shewn

In wearing other's follies than your own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 Than S——,† the foremost toymen of his time?
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,

* Dr. Arbuthnot, † Daniel De Foe,

‡ Sir Charles Sedley, § Sussex,

§ Duchess of Queensberry.

† Sir Hans Sloan, alluding to his Museum.

And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which Joseph never wore!

He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin [chin.
 That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's

' Since that great dearth our chronicles de-
 plore,

Since the great plague that swept as many more,
 Was ever year unblest'd as this?' he'll cry,

' It has not brought us one new butterfly!

In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
 Unhappy J——y!† how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,

But in effect his chase is much the same:

Warm in pursuit, he levels all the great,

Staunch to the foot of title and estate:

Where'er their lordships go, they never find

Or Lico or their shadows lag behind;

He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,

Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun;

As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,

And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:

But after sev'n years dance from place to
 place,

The Dane§ is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,

Or living pendant dangling at his ear,

For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown

For months before, by trumpets, through the

Town!

† Lady Jersey.

§ A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyle.

Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face?
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave?
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll or thump it for his better ease?
 Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter, though he could
 not find

His lordship's jest, or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that
 close:

Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
 The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold;
 All men they flatter but themselves the most,
 With deathless fame their everlasting boast:
 For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard protest.
 'B—le* slunes in council, M—tt in the fight,
 P—l—m's† magnificent, but J—§ can write,
 'And what to my great soul like glory dear!
 Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That fame's unwholsome taken without meat,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is ate:
 Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

*Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

† Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

§ Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

§ John Denais

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking Fate)
Defends sirloins, which sons of Dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse for less than half-a-crown,
A prostitute on ev'ry bulk in Town,
With other whores undone, though not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint? [spir'd?

Ye Bards! why will you sing though unin-
Ye Bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press,
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout although the poet's dead.

All other trades demand; verse-makers beg.
A dedication is a wooden leg:
A barren Labeo, the true numper's fashion,
Exposes borrowed brats to move compassion.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend,
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
* Is't then a crime to write?—If talent rare
Proclaims the god, the crime is to forbear:
For some, though few, there are large minded
Who watch, unseen, the labors of the pen, [men,
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore
court,

Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit,
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ,
A—le* true wit is studious to restore,
And D—† smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;

* Duke of Argyle.

† Duke of Dorset.

P—ket in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta^{||} like a Muse inspires.

But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
That fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive?
Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.

This truth, sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,[†]
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescu'd candles' ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,—but half-a-crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:

[†] The Earl of Pembroke.

^{||} Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain ;
Nay, a dull sheriff, for his golden chain.

'Who'd be a slave?' the gallant col'nel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.

All soldiers, valor, all divines have grace,
As maids of honor beauty,—by their place :
But when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid.
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy :
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But in you pay yourself the world is free. [own,

Were there no tongue to speak them but his
Augustus' † deeds in arms had ne'er been known ;
Augustus' deeds, if not ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the princes' worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

† His late Majesty George I.

End of Satire Fourth.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation ! last and best
Of all God's works ! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost !

Milton

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone ;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own :
But, there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
Or, in full joy, elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honor though their faults we blame ;
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme,
A theme fair——— ! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee ;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind. [nice,

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than
Too fond of admiration, lose their price :
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight :
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Through ev'ry sign of vanity they run ;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers' caves and lions' dens ;

Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers or funerals, puppet-shews, reviews,
Sales, races, rebates (and still stranger!) pews,

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses, then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds agen:
With all her lustre now her lover warms,
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.

'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;

Then she starts up, all extacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows,
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd.
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In——Cleopatra, or the last new play,
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace.
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renown is she,
Who, through good breeding, is ill company:
Whose manners will not let her larum cease;
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great-grand-father is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:

In that the skill of conversation lies;
 That shews or makes you both polite and wise.
 Xantippe cries, 'Let nymphs who nought can say,
 Be lost in silence, and resign the day:
 And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
 By tame behavior and a soft address.'
 Through virtue she refuses to comply
 With all the dictates of humanity;
 Through wisdom she refuses to submit
 To Wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
 Then, her unblemish'd honor to maintain,
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain;
 But if, by chance, an illadapted word
 Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
 Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
 Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,
 But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
 Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
 O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea;
 Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
 She shakes the curtains with her kind advice:
 Doubly, like Echo, sound is her delight,
 And the last word is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd
 Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong. [throng
 What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our
 state [Fate?

What strokes we feel from Fancy and from
 If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;
 We make misfortune; suicides in woe.

Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !
Is nature backward to torment or kill ?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts and finds our thoughts
from home ?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead ;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy fortune with unslaken'd pace ;
Our ardent labors for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week :
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all the grief and toil ?
But one ; a female friend's endearing smile ;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;
Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue ;
Man is not all the game they have in view :
In woods and fields their glory they complete ;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate ;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed ;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert* has the forming of the fair.

* Major Fobert, a riding master.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she glides it through the admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong?
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains:
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarch's if they please:
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the bellos-lettrer lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the Town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, Lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I'm fair!
O no; see Stella; her eyes shines as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right:
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
The youth in person and in parts was bright;

Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd;
Large his possessions, and beyond her own,
Their bliss the theme and envy of the Town,
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, Three-
The fatal sequel I through shame forbear : [score.
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair!

Man's rich with kittle, were his judgment
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few; [true;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense,
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In Fancy's airy land of noise and show, [grow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, ' My Lady, Sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight; [night
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all
I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June:
And though, perhaps, you'll think the practice
A midnight Park is sov'reign for a cold; [bold,
With cholics, breakfasts of green fruit agree, —
With indigestions, supper just at three.'

A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health at home,
For want—but no. of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas, my Heart! how languishingly fair
You lady lolls? with what a tender air?

Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines *fell* Cibber waves his pen.

Is her lord angry, or has Veny* chid?

Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?

'Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white.'

Why went she not to bed? 'Because 'twas
night.' [that.]

Did she then dance or play? 'Nor this nor
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

'No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,

Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose.'

Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,

Goes with the fashionable owls to bed:

This her pride covets, this her health denies;

Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.

You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,

To keep her word a brown one comes at night;

Next day she shines in glossy black; and then

Revolves into her native red agen:

Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,

And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass,

Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass:

* Lap Dog.

Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lilly and the rose.
How gay they smile! such blessings Nature
pours,

O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet
green;

Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such Fluvia's passion for the Town: fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapors to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal
springs,

And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds,
delight,

And to be press'd to death transports her quite,
Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes
their shades,

Black kennels' absent odors she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd we tread a smooth and open way,
Through briars and brambles in the world we
stray;

Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By the pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocents and Peace:
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There bless'd with health, with business unper-
This life we relish, and ensure the next; [plex'd,
There too, the Muses sport: these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses, but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in Town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in
peace;

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Labouriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
' Well, sure we were so happy yesterday!

And then that charming party for to-morrow!
 Though well she knows t'will languish into
 sorrow;

But she dares never boast the present hour;
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r;
 For such is or our weakness or our curse,
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse.
 The present moment, like a wife we shun,
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
 Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still;
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
 What is it but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
 Pride whispers in her ears pernicious lies;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine.
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts, (sweet soul!) in
 tears;

She fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd:
 The morning came, when Strephon, walking,
 found

(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd,
 'What miracle, (says Strephon,) makes thee
 weep?' [sleep?

'Ah, barb'rous man (she cries,) how could you
 Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
 How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?

Yet sure there is a certain sime of day
 We wish our mistress and our meat away :
 But soon the sated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn :
 Eternal love let man, then never swear ;
 Let women never triumph nor despair ;
 Nor praise nor blame too much, the warm or
 Hunger and love are foreign to the will. [chill :

There is, indeed, a passion, more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the
 But not of that unfashionable set [mind ;
 Is Phyllis ; Phyllis and her Damon met.
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;
 Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
 Embracing Phyllis with soft smiling eyes,
 Eternal love I vow, the swain replies ;
 But say, my all my mistress, and my friend !
 What day next week th' eternity shall end ?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
 Elope from mortal man, and range above.
 The fair philosopher to Rowley* flies,
 Where, in a box, the whole creation lies :
 She sees the planets in their turns advance,
 And scorns, Poitier ! thy sublunary dance :
 Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air,
 And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
 What vain experiment Sophronia tries !
 'Tis not in air-pumps the gay col'nel dies.
 But though to-day this rage of science reigns
 (O fickle sex !) soon end her learned pains.
 Lo ! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
 Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To——turn ; she never took the height
 Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right :

* An eminent mathematical instrument Maker, near St.
 Dunstons church in Fleet street.

She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought;
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious easy, and when gay discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds collected, and in courts sincere,
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a nobler pride in doing good:
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears:
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the common weal:
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended Fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress? [skies,
But oh: the nymph that mounts above the
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure;
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at Picquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they sew so well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that?

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.

O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind?

Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee :
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r?

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise :
By Nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!

Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises—and pays.

How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold?

What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight.
All more is but the fashion of the plate.

Which for one moment charms the fickle view :
It charms us now, anon we cast anew,

To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair ;

The fair 'tis true by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun :

And yet in female scales the fop outweighs,
And Wit must wear the willow and the bays.

Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy ;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, she speaks her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;
And amply gives, (though treated long amiss)
'The man of merit his revenge in this.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight :
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid ;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journies round the room ;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil ;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style,
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call ;
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th'idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh, help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head ;
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She parts! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic, carve,
Life is not worth so much ; she'd rather starve ;
But chew she must herself: ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancy of sense. [air,
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By Jove is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christain system is profane:
But though the volley rattles in your ear.
Believe her dress she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove, deposes a woman in his stead?
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen:
A shameless woman is the worst of men.
Few to good breeding make a just pretence;
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
Across the room and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchange'd their own.

The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace
 For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
 Are indecorums with the modern maid.
 Stiff forms are bad; but let no worse intrude,
 Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
 Modern good breeding carry to its height,
 And Lady D—'st self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
 When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile,
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
 What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred;
 Her bright example with success pursue,
 And all but adoration is your due.
 But adoration! give me something more,
 Cries Lyce, on the borders of three-score.
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news that we grow old.
 Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento Mori to each public place.
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
 While rival undertakers hover round,
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but other's doom,
 She plans new conquests and defrauds the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day;
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of Lyce but herself is old:

† Dashwood or Dysart.

Her grizzled looks assume a smirking grace,
And Art has levell'd her deep turrow'd face:
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love:
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia? her grey hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine:
That, and that only, can old age sustain,
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not num'rous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace: by Nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous Orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?

Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes.
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favors lost;
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown
'Twill ever stick through malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies,
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best: and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your em-
In simple manners all the secret lies; [brace.
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bless'd and wise.
Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
With which the age is eminently curs'd:
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
'Take pain from life and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

End of Satire Fifth.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

inscribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit commœdia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain;
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—'Germain.'—
 I know her not—'Your reason's somewhat odd;
 Who knows his patrôn now?' reply'd the god.
 Men write to me, and to the world unknown,
 Then steal great names to shield them from the
 Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd, [Town.
 To covert flies, of praise itself afraid.
 Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
 In vengeance write a volume in her praise:
 Nor think it hard so great a length to run:
 When such the theme; 'twill easily be done.'

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
 You here, in minaiture, your picture see, [me:
 Nor hope from Zinck† more justice than from
 My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
 His portraits will inflame, mine quench your
 pride:

He's dear, you frugal: chuse my cheaper lay,
 And be your reformation all my pay.

† The greatest master in miniature and enamel-painting
 in Europe.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Drury-lane:
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r:
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak; [break:
Through dreadful silence the pent heart might
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
'To God himself, and fondly think they pray:
But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
For they're before their maker—and mankind.
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell. [bred,
Acquainted with the world, and quite well-
Drusa receives her visitants in bed:
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts;
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the
sight;

That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with a modern fair meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh:
Or if you take a lion by the beard, †
Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,

† Shakespeare.

Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense,
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is some delight;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers, one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And gen'rously supports him in his want:
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant: and with pains
Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains;
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint;
Her soul superior flies formality:
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be mistaken if they shou'd.

Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs; [pray'rs;
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant
Her only grief is that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
'Who would not think that Abra was a maid?'

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore;

Then she submits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.

The goods of Fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness;
The rude material; wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been bless'd with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it Vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run,
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty:
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord, [grieve.
Pretends the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace:
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

‘How charming this?’—The pleasure lasted long
Now ev’ry day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only feign’d,
And was diverted when he should be pain’d.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store!
How tedious life now she can plague no more;
She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed;
She’s forc’d a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly prov’d this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband’s pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore,
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil’d hinges querulously shrill.
‘You went last night with Celia to the ball.
You prove it false.’ Not go! that’s worst of all.
Nothing can please her, nothing can inflame,
And arrant contradictions are the same:
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpressible sin;
For of all rivals that can pain her breast, [rest;
There’s one that wounds far deeper than the
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she’s exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she’d stare?
How would Melania be surpris’d to hear
She’s quite deform’d? and yet the case is clear.
What’s female beauty but an air divine, [shine
Through which the mind’s all gent’e graces
They, like the sun, irradiate all between:
The body charms, because the soul is seen:

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain:
Their prudence in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames;
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care;
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give, [year,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree:
Untlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside:
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her
face:

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves,
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves:
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist. [miss'd,
Lovers! beware, to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail!

For H———y* the first wit she cannot be ;
 Nor cruel R———d†! the first toast for thee.
 Since full each other station of renown,
 Who would not be the greatest trapes in Town;
 Women were made to give our eyes delight:
 A *female* sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
 That her dear self is her eternal theme:
 Through hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,
 'Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!'—
 When most the world applauds you, most beware
 'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
 Distrust mankind, with your own heart confer,
 And dread ev'n there to find a flatterer.
 The breath of others raises our renown;
 Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
 Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most deserve, can't always most engage.
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it should procure. [wise!
 Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and,
 No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
 And who so blind as not to see the cause!
 No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause;
 And yet of credit it lays in a store, [more.
 By which our spleen may wound true worth the
 Ladies there are who think one crime is all:
 Can woman then no way but backward fall!
 So sweet is that one crime, they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss they think all others few.

* Lord Hervey.

† Duke of Richmond.

Who hold that crime so dear must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: 'What! railing without end?
'Mean task! how much more gen'rous to com-
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do, [mend!
My kind instructor, and example too.

'Daphnis,' says Clio, 'has a charming eye;
What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
Aspasia's shape, indeed—but then her air—
The man has parts who finds destruction there.
Almeria's wit has something that's divine,
And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
Who was it said Selina's near threescore!
At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
The world congratulates so wise a choice:
His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
But mortgages will sap the best estate.
In Shirley's form might cherubims appear,
But, then—she has a freckle on her ear.'
Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends:
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright;
But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last
night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail.
And whence such praise! our virulence is thrown
On other's fame, through fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,
For are not coronets akin to crowns!
Her greedy eye and her sublime address,
The height of avarice and pride confess.

You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold:
As fond of five-pence as the veriest cit,
And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine;
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine;
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder in a low degree,
Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store!
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state ;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfy'd with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More we perceive by dint of thought alone:
The rich must labor to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with
warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.

All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well be-
Grand reservoirs of public happiness, [stow'd.
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from
view,

Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
But Satire is my task, and these destroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye Misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G———n: *
But our invectives must despair success,
For next to praise she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame!
Or is't Asturia! that affected dame?
The brightest forms, through affectation, fade
To strange new things, which Nature never
made.

Frown not, ye Fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who labor at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine;
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen! [been!
What shades of mighty names which once have

* Lady Betty Germain

An hecatomb of character supplies
 Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice.
 H—*, P—†, B—‡, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste :
 Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting Naiads call for wine ;
 Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea !
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
 And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie ? §

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd ;
 At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
 As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's
 wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal ! for thy severer rage !
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
 Such faults at which it is a fault to smile !
 There are : Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd,
 And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd ;
 Without thin Decency held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er iaw and gospel too.
 Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives ;

* Hervey. † Pearce. ‡ Blount, (Ladies).

§ -----Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat?

VIRG.

Who marry to be free, to range the more,
 And wed one man to wanton with a score.
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.
 What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
 What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
 Their passions bear it with a lofty hand!
 But then their reason is at due command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
 Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask what kindred is a spouse to them?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see!
 And misses, ancient in iniquity! [ing!
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaim-
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gam-
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence, [ing,
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expense,
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes!
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
 Such dissolution through the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind. [belle

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell,
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
 Who listen less to C—ns * than St. Paul. [birth,
 Atheists have been but rare: since Nature's
 Till now, she-Atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches! say, whence springs
 This daring charcater in tim'rous things?

* Anthony Collins, Esq.

Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing—but the Deity.

But not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own,
In this pursuit they court not Fame alone,
But join to that a more substantial view,
'From thinking free, to be free agents too.'

They strive with their own hearts, and keep
them down,

In complaisance to all the fools in Town.

O how they tremble at the name of prude!

And die with shame at thought of being good!

For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,

What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?

They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,

Through cowardice most execrably brave.

With our own judgments durst we to comply,

In virtue should we live, in glory die.

Rise then my Muse! in honest fury rise;

They dread a satire who defy the skies. [own,

Atheists are few; most nymphs a God-head

And nothing but his attributes dethrone,

From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe

God is, and is almighty—to forgive.

His other excellence they'll not dispute;

But mercy, sure is his chief attribute.

Shall pleasures of a short duration chain

A lady's soul in everlasting pain?

Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,

For now and then a sip of transient joy?

No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;

He's like themselves, or how could he be good?

And they blaspheme who blacker schemes sup-

Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose, [pose—

The pure! the just! and set up, in his stead,
A deity that's perfectly well-bred.

'Dear T—l—n!* be sure the best of men;
Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.
Though once upon a time he misbehav'd,
Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
Let priests do something for their one in ten;
It is their trade; so far they're honest men.
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
And dress their notions, like themselves, in
black;

Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show;
Did ever mortal write like Rochefocault?
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain,
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty but fair Virtue's face?
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks man-
kind.

But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrillet has murder'd
Sleep.

'Poor K—p!† cries Livia; I have not been there
'These two nights; the poor creature will despair.

* Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Burnet's doctrine of
the non-eternity of hell torments.

† Shakespeare.

‡ Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assembly.

I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
And people of condition should bestow.
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son; [run,
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly,
And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless forms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves who live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
And see, (strange sight) amid that ruffian band
A form divine high wave her snowy hand,
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder on the board she knocks:
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
From Æolus's cave impetuous breke, [shook,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heav'n alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [swell!

Thus that divine one her soft nights employs !
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With her dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round ;
Imaginary ruins charm her still :
Her happy lord is cuckoll'd by Spadil ;
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror and of wild despair !
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?
Why that drawn sword ? and whence that dismal
Why pale distraction through the family ? [cry ?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent ?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match pre-
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ? [vent ?
O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from her theme ?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame ?
Though now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd,
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong.
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their
crimes.

If sin you must, take Nature for your guide ;
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.

Ye fair apostates from Love's ancient pow'r!
 Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
 Must Cupid learn to punt ere he can please?
 When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,
 What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
 Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
 They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
 Why pine the marry'd?—O severer fate!
 They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
 Flavia, at lovers false, untouch'd and hard,
 Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
 Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
 While Death stands by but till the game is done,
 To sweep that stake, in justice long his own:
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire,
 Or like snuffs sunk in sockets blazes higher.
 Ye Gods! with new delights inspire the fair!
 Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen,
 close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
 In spite of all our wisdom you'll proceed.
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
 Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
 I hear you cry, 'This fellow's very odd.'
 When you chastise who would not kiss the rod?
 But I've a charm your anger shall control,
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
 That burns o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.

What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with
 Her deeds are precepts, her example law; [awe?
 'Midst empires charms how Carolina's heart
 Glows with the love of virtue and of art!
 Her favor is diffus'd to that degree,
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
 When in my page, to balance num'rous faults
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous
 thoughts,
 She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.
 Thus the majestic mother of mankind,*
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carminatum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus. VIR.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain:
 To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole de-
 sign?
 That glory which thy virtues make so bright;
 That glory which on thee reflects a light.

• Milton.

Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury
runs?

The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless,
For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
(A bad effect but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring
And burn to give mankind a single lord. [sword,

The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake my Muse!
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who, stung by glory, rave and bound away,
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast Olympus! and sustain his nod.

The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas,
What orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows!
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want ye then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.
One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave! [men,
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty these? yet no less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows and smiles more fatal than their
swords;

Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
 Who coin the face and petrify the heart;
 All real kindness for the shew discard,
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard; [grace,
 Who do for gold what Christians do through
 'With open arms their enemies embrace;
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,
 'The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :'
 Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And in their height of kindness are unkind.
 Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
 Walpole ! when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse ! the catalogue is writ,
 Nor one more candidate for fame admit.

Though disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :
 Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
 May furnish laughter for another year.

Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The justice yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait, and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell.
 How science dwindles and how volumes swell,
 How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are
 And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid. [made.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
 His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How *Versus* is less qualify'd to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax, and seal,

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
 That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport :
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off agen,
Let others sing, to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey ;
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design, for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung, he now the cause display'd :
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey ?

Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence came
This gen'rous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were
found ;

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast ;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine :
What more can prove its origin divine ?

But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source ;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcasses of Wit.

And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools.
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height ;
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degree, Pride sways the soul?
(For though in all, not equally she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye Doctors ! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, 'Tis right,
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd ;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame, by her last-conduct, fled :
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The god* and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds Ambition wears
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears ;

* *Amphitryon*.

All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.

The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.

Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds
In view: [ensue.

Brave men would act, though scandal should

Behold a prince! whom no sworn thoughts in-
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame; [flame,
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,

And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them
His people's blessings to their ardent king; [bring
But when those great heroic motives cease,

His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious Grandeur's faded charms with-
A sudden foe to splendor and applause; [draws,
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.

O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O bless'd ambition! which can ne'er be vain:

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the
sky,

In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine; [shine

From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe
pours.

When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George! who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.*
Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire learn to spare.
Thus nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's sov'reign, Sov'reign of the Sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook
our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles,† weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the
storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus‡ slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd, long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch'd ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast!

* The king in danger by sea.

‡ Hom. II. lib. I.

† Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c.

Virg. lib. V.

But now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
— No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the Civil storm.

End of the Satires.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE.

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twick'nham plan the future
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good, [wood,
Our senate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall:
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!

O Pope! I burst; nor can nor will refrain;
I'll write, let others in their turn complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:

I've heard myself to death; and, plagu'd each
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my pow'r? [hour,
For who can write the true absurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?

Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid less despite had bred;
'They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes:
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting;
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
'The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk;
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad:
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write:
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes suc-
ceeds;

For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:

His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of ev'ry broken craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful isle! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse *immoral* kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime.
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves *keen*:
He writes us an hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some by debt;
Some for 'tis Sunday; some because 'tis wet:
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humor, thought profound!
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:

He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make
them just:

Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labor would distrust his friends?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess;
In various sets, with various words compose,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sybil broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke:
The priests found out the meaning if they cou'd,
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the
And great concern of an immortal soul!) [whole
Oft have I said, 'Awake! exist! and strive
For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!'
And oft I overheard the dæmon say,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
'I'll meet thee, Youth! at White's.' the youth
replies,

'I'll meet thee there,' and falls his sacrifice:
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare.
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all but life they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German
shake?

Such writers have we! all but sense they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane, [reign.
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life: [fire;
They write with phlegm, but then they live with
They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruccio's miscellaneous dress?
Though there's but one of the dull works he
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat. [wrote,
These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street,
And, looking full on ev'ry man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps, who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not read, you feel their extasies.

Will they persist? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,
See them confin'd.—'O, that's already done.'
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est Ulubris, they cry, and write agen.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:

Treat them, ye Judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn:
There's true good nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience ^o takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to
Those in his hand, and glory in his head; [bed,
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream,
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain advertisements the Town o'erspread;
They 're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, ' Sir, I 'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
Your glory and my own shall live by this;
Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame through time con-
vey'd,

And Britain Europe's queen—If I am paid.'
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
' Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
' What man can pay for this? '—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:

His patron he will patronize no more,
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted roar,
But when once publish'd they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can these oblige whose heads and hearts are
No; ev'ry party's tainted by their touch. [such!
Infected persons fly each public place.
And none, or enemies alone embrace:
To the foul fiend their ev'ry passion's sold;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;
A state Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps these another takes,
And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base:
Nor can the greatest pow'rs enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's self they fight,
Still in the wrong, through champions for the
Whoe'er their crimes for int'rest only quit, [right:
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
From the same hand how various is the page?
What Civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts, battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit?
Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene
Invites the Town to sup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
He's now a serpent, and his double tongue,
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung.
What note can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves which might do much

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those five fold monsters modern authors make.
The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are
bred,

When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
Ye grov'ling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat
things,

Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and strings!
Thrown from the tree of Knowledge, like you,
curs'd

To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true?
It did in Elkenah, why not in you?

Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.

Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen; [pen,
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal
breath,

As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth: [dirt,
Their feet through faithless leather meet the
And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt:
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth agen:
Too soon (O merry melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:

The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through
spite;

And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity, and sense.

From these, their politics our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week:
These lab'ring wits, like paviers, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er
so dull,

And hem at ev'ry thump upon your scull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the
And honest folly echoes to a lie. [cry,
O how I laugh when I a blockhead see
Thanking a villain for his probity;
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights!
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded
Discharges all her poor and profligate, [state
Crimes of all kinds dishonor'd weapons wield,
And prisons pour their filth into the field;
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen,

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London ; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses'
seat?

Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
Has not a royal patron* wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who speak so
well?

Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O Friend ! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to write and live ;
Serious should be an author's final views :
Who write for pure amusement ne'er amuse.

An Author ! 'tis a venerable name !
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?
Unbless'd with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtues' cause ;
That sole proprietor of just applause.

Ye restless Men ! who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works
you read?

'Tis well ; go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.
What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble ; he commands you burn

* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
The boast of nought more excellent than wit,
If this be truth, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought
Sidney and Waller, brightest son's of Fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
And in one point is all true wisdom cast?
To think that early, we must think at last.

Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break Nature's
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause; [laws
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot. [then

Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant Simony to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind:
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this ye writing Tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him if he can;
The bad, when int'rest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their int'rest and their pride;
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare,

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense?

In parts and learning you who place your pride;
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double
What is a scandal of the first renown, [dy'd.
But letter'd knaves, and Atheists in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame;
True, these are fools; but wise men say the

Wits are a despicable race of men, [same.
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool because they're men of sense,
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear:
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best
Sense fills your heads and genius fires your
breast;

Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or pow'r; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take that great prerogative:
But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame.
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ;
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflection more:

More had the Ancients writ, they more had
taught, (thought,

Which shows some work is left for modern

This weigh'd, perfection know, and known,
adore,

Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more:
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen;
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.

Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.

Time only can mature the lab'ring brain ;
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain :
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek :
What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no fault ; though beautiful, 'twill harm,
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties
Our age demands correctness ; Addison [charm.
And you this commendable hurt have done.

Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound. [best,

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:

Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you
spare: [shrine,

The part you burn smells sweet before the
And is an incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well;
Men may too oft, though not too much, excel.
A few good works gain fame ; more sink their
price:

Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice :
They granted you writ well ; what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er ?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page,
Smile if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.

So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause ;
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius yours ? be yours a glorious end, [friend ;
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's

The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt;
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can. [man;
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in those alone should give offence;
Who strikes the person, pleads his innocence:
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form: I'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his work, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd humor? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humor, the dull rogue's last shift.

Can others write like you? your task give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labors run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from
life;

When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:

Expect peculiar fame from these alone ;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream,
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown ;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honor to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse ;
Clear be the style, the very sound of force ;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine.
Let Nature art, and judgment wit, exceed :
O'er learning reason reign, o'er that, your Creed.
Thus virtue's seeds at once, and laurels grow ;
Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau ;
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines.
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit
A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;

And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honors to the pen ?
From able writers rise to worthy men. [strain,
' Who's this with nonsense nonsense would re-
Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?
Who damns our trash with so much trash re-
plete ?

As three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat.

Shall I with Bavius then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?

With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme.
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe.
False fame must wither, and the true will grow;
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy:
For if I fall, by my own pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless
To wound immortals, or to slay the slain. [pain,

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread,
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign,
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me,—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen.
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills, when sons of dulness write,

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-
Horace did oft the mighty man detain, [gate,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain,
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who knows no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The Muse's friend is pleas'd the Muse should
press

Through circling crowds, and labor for access;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the Western World reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell Discord through her borders fiercely rang'd
And shook her nations, and her monarchs
chang'd;

By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,
Nor Heav'n repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields be-
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd; [stow'd,

Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry spring;
Time was distinguished by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh,

But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labors past;
Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valor gentler virtues now succeed:
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell;
Through milder tracks he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord:
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name:
Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly flows,

The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life, in ev'ry field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;

Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may
Infaitful friends we lose our glorious foes, [feed;
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.

See graceful Beimgbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France:
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate!) in Bourbons stately
dome, [throne,

The monarch pleas'd, descending from his
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him less regret his darling son:
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main:
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts past each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of
And former injuries endearments prove. [love,
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?

Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must
frame [tame?
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the
A thousand happy consequences flow, [friends.
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who with care and pain,
For many moons sees only skies and main,
When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind:
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the
wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Meanwhile the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean ploughed with equal fate.
Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right.
To conquer is to make dissention cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.

Now War is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone:
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdu'd to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendor of an earthly throne;
Conquests! whose triumph is too great within
The scanty bound of matter to begin;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun
Heroic Shades! whom war hath swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day;
Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell,
Then deep into eternity retire;
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther passes in the world below.
The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piecemeal seek the grave:

On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy in tender fear
Lest it an insult of their woes appear, [blood
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their
Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray; nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford,
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place,
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardor sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last,
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.
In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love:

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling
string,
Or breathing canvas, when the Muses sing?

The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled:
For Janus shut her Iö Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks,
The heroes presence deep impression makes;
The scene his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labors which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right?
With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short liv'd conquest quickly past:
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.
'Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in Virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal,
Till throughly by the Muse's banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poinard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
'To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?

In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
To govern and control the world of wit [known?
As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of Elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head;
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance:
There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast,
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oronoko, and presume him less:
What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the British Muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread.
Our genius more affects the grand than fine;
Our strength can make the great plain action
They raise a great curiosity indeed, [shine;
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleased too
much.

What's great in Nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.

The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar in a human plan;
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade, [made
Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare fac'd betrays;
'Tis great Corneille at ev'ry scene we praise:
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls;
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs.
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too:
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest person's taught,
But change a sentiment you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with a want of flame;
When we boast more we own ourselves to blame,
And yet in Shakespeare something still I find
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found;
Both in one page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bids us no longer at our nurses smile.
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain,

Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot,† too, he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will
run

In great descendants; Shakespeare has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rivals shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress;
What can't be greater cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rise, unbless'd with Tal-
bot's smile, [isle;
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's com-
mand,

And spar'd the labor of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muse's glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an author with your praise.
Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due;
But Censure's self will please, my Lord, from
you.

Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.

† An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded when best understood.
The Muses write for glory not for gold;
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves;
The Muse, which from her Lansdown fears no
wrong,

Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
Should this great theme allure me father still,
And I presume to use your patience ill, [you
The world would plead my cause, and none but
Will take disgust at what I now pursue. [chuse
Since what is meant my Muse can't raise, I'll
A theme that's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville
Without a spark of his immortal flame? [name,
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your
You to be happy want not to be seen: [mein;

Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd though resolute to please,
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause,
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does dispense:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well-pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those who shew your name respect,
So little worth as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know,
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good; that told, so
well

Your pow'rs are known, th'event I need not tell.
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had Hector's valor wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleasure or for state)
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought;
But, unconfined by bounds of time and place,
You chuse companions from all human race;

Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more.
In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought.
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you.
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told?

So pleas'd and so surpriz'd Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
In converse and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, not waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss, [miss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dis-
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand,†

* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled Heroic Love.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great,
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honor, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such: for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's
Though you in modesty the title wear, [name.
Your name shall be the title of your heir,
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favor of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction
springs,

The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.
Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must
blame

That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice;
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good nature in excess.

You cannot boast the merit of a choice
In making him your own; 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd,
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind;
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
O Harrison! I must, I will complain; [vain.
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace and is my friend no more!
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aching heart and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.

• His Lordship's nephew who took orders.

'Twas past; his cheek was cold; that tuneful
tongue,

Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his
pain,

Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and pow'r,
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,
That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace,

His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan—Support me—O! beware
Of holding worth, however great too dear!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show's
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
To make the Muse immortal you was born.
Sing! and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentle
man, Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New College, Oxon

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung
 And Anna Britain sway'd when Granville sung;
 That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
 When this great man was first saluted Lord.

A LETTER

TO

MR. TICKELL.

Occasioned by the Death of

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
 Thy wonted aid, my dear Companion! bring,
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
 A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,
 And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir:
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
 And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain,
 See! see! she cry'd, old Maro's Muse appears,
 Wak'd from the slumber of two thousand years:
 Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
 Thinks in his thought, and in his number sta

All read transported his pure classic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The State, when now his rising fame was
known.

Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song. [pense,
As health and strength the brightest charms dis-
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :

Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless pow'r,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour,
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy,
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :
This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigor of the soul can rise ; [run,
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,—
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confest,
To see her fervors rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires
weighs,

In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought;
Great work! by Nassau's favor cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court;
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didst thou catch his radiant light!
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately borne.

A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn-
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see;
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he
sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labors of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of pow'r th' ALMIGHTY gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of His works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
'To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
'To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great Author! where to
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? [roll
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence
were brought

Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel

'How could a mortal essence think so well?'

But why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise:
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!
His glory such it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,

Tickell! accept this verse thy mournful due;
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And as thy theme describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws.
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift* bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labors, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze:
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs awhile
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile:
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike
friend,

Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

* The publication of his works.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does Mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
'Cato begins to live in Anna's reign.'
The worlds great chiefs in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtue's by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame:
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls' Col. Oxon.

ODES.

ODE.

OCCASIONED BY

His Majesty's Encouragement of the

SEA-SERVICE.

I think myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some additions to that fund, to render effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. *Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.*

TO THE KING.

I.

Old Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean, ocean's King.

2.

The Roman Ode
Majestic flow'd,
Its stream divinely clear and strong
In sense and sound
Thebes roll'd profound ;
The torrent roar'd and foam'd along.

3.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
So fam'd presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;
Late time shall know
The north can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

4.

The naval crown
Is all his own !
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call, }
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides triumphant round the ball.

5.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire ;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

6.

My lays I file
With cautious toil ;
Ye graces ! turn the glowing lines ;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat :
At ev'ry stroke the work refines !

7.

How music charms !
How metre warms !
Parent of actions good and brave !
How vice it tames !
And worth inflames !
And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

8.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span.
But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
Wit scorns the grave ;
To wit he gave
The life of gods ! immortal bloom !

9.

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance ;
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance :

10.

Nor life is long,
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore :
We make at least
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

11.

Our strains divide .
The laurel's pride ;
With those we *lift to life* we live ;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

12.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
'Justice sincere,
And courage clear,
Rise the two columns of his throne.

13.

'How form'd for sway!
Who look, obey,
They read the monarch in his port :
Their love and awe
Supply the law,
And his own lustre makes the court.'

14.

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant shines? and shines alone.
Unrival'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun; 'tis Britain's throne.

15.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honors far extend!

16.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an am'rous maid;
While int'rest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

17.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth and state,
And pow'r and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

18.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psal. cxiii.

1.

SWEET rural scene
Of flocks and green!
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All Nature still,
But yonder rill;
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head.

2.

In prospect wide,
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

3.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce and big war:
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

4.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What! none aspire!
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

5.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell to lift it high.

6.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

7.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill.
And Orpheus' skill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

8.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign:
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Britain's strain;
As Triton's strong, as Syrens sweet.

9.

Through Nature wide
Is nought descry'd
So rich in pleasure our surprise;
When all serene,
How sweet the scene?
How dreadful when the billows rise!

10.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which erewhile Britannia, fair,
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air!

11.

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,—
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed :

12.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas?
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And ev'ry canvas courts the breeze !

13.

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shudd'ring soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head.

14.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark !
Now centre-deep descend the brave :
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,—
A feather on the tow'ring wave !

15.

Now spins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds,
Now stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

16.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the sea and skies:
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep! and the blue concave lies.

17.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monster's shock.

18.

Let others fear;
To Briton dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim:
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame.

19.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames,
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

20.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outshone:
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

21.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamor'd in thy lap.

22.

Those clouds whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

23.

The gaudy bow,
Whose colors glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

24.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws ;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

25.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise
And seize the prize,
And toss him, breathless on the shore.

26.

His son complains
In pious strains ;
' Ah ! cruel thirst of gold,' he cries ;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

27.

Thou wat'ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

28.

Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies;
Too soon the gross fruition cloy;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys.

29.

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecarious, endless bliss!

30.

The soul refined
Is most inclin'd
To ev'ry moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

31.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
No Civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The shaken ball,
The planets' *fall*,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

32.

This, Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

33.

What end so great,
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main;
Which tow'ring rose,
With George to close;
And rival great Eliza's reign?

34.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon fabric fair,*
As Nature's rose at the divine.

* Greenwich Hospital.

35.

When Nature sprung
Bless'd angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
The sea-devoted honors call.

36.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of Ease
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes ascend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

37.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

38.

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails;
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning youth, to martial rage.

39.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

40.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose!
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

41.

Ye Warlike slain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding-sheet,
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's *full-blown* glory greet*.

42.

What pow'ful charm
Can Death disarm
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name.
Awake! awake! awake! awake! •

* Written soon after K. George I.'s accession.

43.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves.
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

44.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravished sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

45.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind;
Sure Heav'n bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

46.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forest fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud:

47.

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand ;
Now sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

48.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings ;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night, or day of glory springs.

49.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high ;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famished channels dry.

A SEA-PIECE:

containing,

- I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
- II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

1.

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favor here deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

2.

To dive full deep in ancient days,*
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize,—the glory thine;
Thine is the Drama, how renown'd!
Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound:—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

3.

But where's his dolphin? know'st thou
where?—

May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song? Mere mortal lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

4.

'Tell me,' say'st thou, 'who courts my
smile? [isle?']—

What stranger, stray'd from yonder
No stranger Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset Downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death, provoked thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle
rhymes.

5.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgement giving law to fancy strong;
Who half-inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.

6.

But such debates long since are flown:
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key

7.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past ;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favors of the great :
High flush'd success, and pale Defeat,
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

8.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid, Moments! stay :
Oh, Friend! as deaf, as rapid, they ;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the list'ning ear,
Time groans his last ; Eternal loudly calls!

9.

Nor calls in vain : the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires
Than once prevail'd : we stand on higher ground :
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardors new our spirits flame!
Ambition bless'd! with more than laurels crown'd.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

1.

In lofty sounds let those delight
 Who brave the foe but fear the fight,
 And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke,
 'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

2.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
 Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms?
 War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition
 Ambition mean! Ignoble pride! [springs;
 Perhaps their ardors may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

3.

Hear, and revere—At Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves;
 The mountain pines assume new forms,
 Spread canvass wings, and fly through
 storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

4.

She nods again; the lab'ring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise; [roar.
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions

5.

These ministers of Fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance; know, ye
In sudden night, and pond'rous balls, [Pow'rs!
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

6

In her grand council *she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain:
From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down.
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

7.

Britannia sheath's her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannons slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then they
They thunder from resounding seas, [blaze!
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

* House of Lords.

8.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves!
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
 While all serene, and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

9.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowelled womb;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,
 Sweep in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks
 behind.

10.

Dwarf laurels rise in tended fields;
 The wreath immortal Ocean yields; [spent,
 There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is
 Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
 How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
 How her storms languish on the continent!

11.

From the dread front of ancient War
 Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky, [flame,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their

12.

The flame the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warn'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

13.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

14.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
Unfinished let those bawbles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue;
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

15.

Begin; and, first take rapid Flight,*
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

ODE THE SECOND,

in which is

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

1.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords. O Pow'r Divine!
If bless'd by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

2.

Ye warlike Dead! who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious Chiefs! awake,
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

3.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shocks too feeble to sustain,
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discoloured main;

4.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour! —
‘ Hear us, O hear, ALMIGHTY POW’R!
Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
Now war’s important die is thrown,
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might!

5.

‘ Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
And deep, remorse and sighs sincere
For Britain’s guilt the wrath divine appease;
A wrath more formidable far
Than angry Nature’s wasteful war.
The whirl of tempest, and the roar of seas.

6.

‘ From out the deep to Thee we cry,
To thee, at Nature’s helm on high!
Steer thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!
To Thee for succour we resort;
Thy favor is our only port;
Our only rock of safety, Thy defence.

7.

O THOU! to whom the lions roar,
And, not unheard, Thy boon implore!
Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
Thou can’st arrest the flying ball,
Or send it back, and bid it fall
On those from whose proud deck the thunder
broke.

8.

‘ Britain in vain extends her care
 To climes remote* for aids in war ;
 Still farther must its stretch to crush the foe :
 There’s one alliance, one alone,
 Can crown her arms, or fix her throne :
 And that alliance is not found below.

9.

‘ Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee ;
 We learn obedience from the sea ;
 With seas and winds, henceforth, Thy laws fulfil ;
 ’Tis Thine our blood to freeze or warm,
 To rouse or hush the martial storm,
 And turn the tide of conquest at Thy will.

10.

‘Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
 Or quench the glories of a crown ;
 ’Tis Thine to doom, ’tis Thine from Death to free,
 To turn aside his level’d dart,
 Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
 There, we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

11.

‘ THOU ! who hast taught the North to roar,
 And streaming† lights nocturnal pour
 Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 Bid Britain’s flags, as meteors, blaze :
 And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

* Russia.

† Aurora Borealis.

12.

The *right* alone is bold and strong;
Black hov'ring clouds appal the *wrong*
With dread of vengeance.—Nature's awful SIRE!
Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown
Where is Puissance and Renown?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

13.

' Let George the just chastise the vain.
Thou! who dost curb the rebel main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave;
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

14.

And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition tam'd by loss of blood
Regains her reason; then, on angels' wings,
Let Peace descend, and shooting greet,
With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
The poise of kingdoms and the fate of kings.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.*

THRICE happy Job,† long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!

* It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job: some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favor the former of these opinions; which argument I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase* because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, — the reproachful
tongue, — — — [o'er
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd;
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
'Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his
friends;

His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat:
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field;
So high at length, their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought;
A pause ensu'd:—when, lo! Heav'n interpos'd
And awfully the long contention clos'd.

Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies :
(They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness
broke [spoke;*

A dreadful voice, and thus th' **ALMIGHTY**

‘Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures My conduct, and reproves My reign;
Lifts up his thought against Me from the dust,
And tells the world’s Creator what is just :
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face My demand, and give it a reply.

Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?

Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?

Who on its surface did extend the line,

Its form determine, and its bulk confine?

Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
Hang it on nought, and fasten'd it in air ;

When the bright morningstars in concert sung,

When heav'n's high arch with loud hosannas ring :

When shouting sons of GOD the triumph crown'd

And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?

Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd
them all?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?

Who heav'd the mountain which sublimely stands

And casts its shadow into distant lands?

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner. *Exod.* ch. xix. *Ezek.* ch. i. &c. Hence is He said to dwell in thick darkness; and have His way in the whirlwind

Who stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep
 Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe,—I scoop'd its hellow'd side,
 And did a bason for the floods provide:
 I chain'd them with My word; the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears My great decree,
 'Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 And here, O Main! be thy proud billows stay'd!'

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures
 sleep?

Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal through th'incumbent shade?
 Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper
 My counsels from the ken of human pride. [hide?

Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent
 dome?

And where has Darkness made her dismal home?
 Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart
 is fraught

With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought,

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is singularly sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument that Moses is the author of the book of Job.

Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are mists begotten?—who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost? [boast?
Whose pow'ful breath, from northern regions
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone? [blown,
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st Me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy GOD from thee:
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with
night? [roll

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose where human face ne'er
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone. [shone

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields,

When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?

These the dread treasure of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my com-
mand,

Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strides through Nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
MINE is the Night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where Daylight shall be
 And draw the purple curtain of the Morn? [born,
 Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
 And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
 Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
 That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
 That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the Soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
 And light up reason in the human breast,
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night?

To these my various questions make reply [sky.
 Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the

What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy surprise?
 Thus thou, with trembling heart and downcast
 'Once and again, which I in groans deplore [eyes:
 My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more,
 My voice is in eternal silence bound,

And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground.'

He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' ALMIGHTY
 spoke; [broke.

The same dread voice from the black whirlwind

'Can that arm measure with an arm DIVINE?
 And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
 Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
 The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
 When, mad with tempest, all the billows rise
 In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,
 And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
 Put on omnipotence, and, crowning, make
 The spacious round of the creation shake;

Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
 'Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
 And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
 I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone?
 Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
 Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond Man! the vision of a moment made!
 Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
 What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures
 fram'd,
 What insects cherish'd, that thy GOD is blam'd?
 When, pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's
 brood

Loud calls on GOD*, importunate for food;
 Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse
 request,

And stills the clamor of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid Ostricht has subdu'd
 A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

* Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given, why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κοράσσω α κέραξ*, *Ælian*, lib ii. c. 48. is *to ask earnestly*. And since there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity; let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

Stat lumine clauso

Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

Quæ non ipsa videt. Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

While far she flies, her scattered eggs are found'
 Without an owner on the sandy ground;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
 Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray;
 Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed:
 What time she skims along the field with speed,*
 She scorns the rider, and pursning steed†.
 How rich the peacock‡! what bright glories
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!§run

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for supper.

Herewe may observe that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing, nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Lydiæ venantum vocibus ales

Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,

Inque modum velli sinuatis flamine pennis,

Pulverulenta volat.—

Claud. in Eutr.

† Xenophon says, Cyprus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass, but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expanait colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lix. c. 20.

He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colors, and adorns the day;
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the
 wind,

Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
 The sun returning, she returns agen,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Though strong the hawk,—though practis'd
 An eagle drops her in a lower sky; [well to fly*,
 An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
 She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
 Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her
 own;

Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
 And with a glance predestinates her prey?†
 She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
 Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

* Thuanus (*De re Accip*) mentions a hawk that flew
 from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it
 their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may sup-
 pose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a
 bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when
 she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can dis-
 cern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately
 understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and
 seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which
 the next note will confirm.

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat and forest Hind^r,
While, pregnant, they a mother's load sustain?
'They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
'They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
'Take the wide world with Nature for their guide,
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall Reem, which knows no lord but
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee? [ME,
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year: [care,
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the Wild Ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large
'Through the wide waste, his ample mansion
And lose himself in his unbounded home? [roam,
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;

* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth; for to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect, Ps. xxix. In so early an age to observe these things may style our author a Naturalist.

As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
'The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike Horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might:
High rais'd, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war:
And mocks at death, and throws his foam
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.[around
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance,
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
'Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly Lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
Say, Mortal! does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, wait for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?

By the pale moon they take their destin'd round†,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
They rage; they rend, their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er
They stride away and paint their steps with gore:
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame;
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;
Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See, with what strength his barden'd loins are
bound!

All over proof, and shut against a wound!
How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel! his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest and the mountain law.
The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.

† Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild
beasts, particularly the lion, *Psalm*, civ. 20. The Arabians
have one among their five hundred names for the lion,
which signifies *the hunter by moonshine*.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with
drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He sinks a river,* and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
With slender hair Leviathan† command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
Will he become thy servant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets swell with such a
prize?

And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm skull what steel its way can
win?

What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might,
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;

* Cephesi glaciale caput quo suetos anhelam
Ferre sitim Python, annemque avertere ponto
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu
Fumina, &c. Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea reliquit.*

The rashest dare not rouse *him* up : who then
Shall turn on ME, among the sons of men?

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on ME con-
My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills, [ferr'd?
And MINE the herds that graze a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is MY own,
And stars and sun are dust beneath MY throne;
And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at MY creature's eye?

At full MY huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous
size.

Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? behold
Destruction yawns* ; his spacious jaws unfold,
And marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on
What hideous fangs on either side arise ; [rows;
And what a deep abyss between them lies !
Mete with thy lance and with thy plumbet
sound,

The one how long, the other how profound !

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils
roll

† This alludes to a custom of this creature which is
when sated with fish to come ashore and sleep among the
trees.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he
gapes, says Pliny, *fit totum os*. Martial says to his old
woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

As from a furnace ; and when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire*.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please ;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state ;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete :
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part ;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
 When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front ; and when his burnish'd
 eyes

Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise†.

* This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath: when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated : yet the most correct of poets venture to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvitur sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the Eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

† *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem

I have observed already that three or four of the

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
 His sport, the rage and labor of the foe.

His pastimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
 The billows feel him as he works his way,
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea; [green,
 The foam high-wrought, with white divides the
 And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;
 Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd:
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
 Makes ev'ry swollen disdainful heart subside,
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so; these are the river horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it: Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable, why he should permit them to take place.

‘THOU canst accomplish all things, Lord of
Might!

And ev’ry thought is naked to THY sight:

But, oh! THY ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.

Oft have I heard of THINE Almighty pow’r,

But never saw THEE till this dreadful hour.

O’erwhelm’d with shame, the Lord of life I see,

Abhor myself, and give my soul to THEE;

Nor shall my weakness tempt THINE anger

Man is not made to question, but adore.’ [more:

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B*****.

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and
fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.
Psalm lxiii. 6.

PART I.

1.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place?

2.

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

3.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

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4.

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honor blots, whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still?

5.

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigor on my faults,

6.

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmary,
Sad sister of Decay.

7.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many suns have roll'd.

8.

Happy the Patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see;
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

9.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread!
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd,
Whilst life *was* life, are dead.

10.

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken Nature's laws;
And clos'd against this feeble frame
Its partial cruel jaws:

11.

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight!
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

12.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd Muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I chuse?

13.

A choise of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

14.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze

15.

Are themes which in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain,
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood restrain;

16.

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

17.

O *Resignation!* yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains,
Through claiming ev'ry Muse's smile,
And ev'ry poet's pains:

18.

Beneath life's ev'ning, solemn shade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!

19.

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious consummation thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

20.

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to discern;
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn:

21.

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

22.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall;

23.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
Of humble prose the shore,
And put to sea? a dang'rous sea!
What throngs have sunk before!

24.

How proud the poet's billows swell!
The God! the God! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench ev'ry coast.

25.

What then am I? shall I presume,
On such a moulted wing
Above the gen'ral wreck to rise,
And in my winter sing?

26.

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

27.

Yet write I must; a lady† sneers;
How shameful her request?
My brain in labor for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the best!

† Mrs. M——

28.

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

29.

The ghost of Grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you:

30.

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd!

31.

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

32.

But what can heart or head suggest?
What sad Experience say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way.

33.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not, needs must mourn:
But thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn,

34.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's!
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In sore affliction's field:

35.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

36.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

37.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
From daily-dying flow'rs,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs:

38.

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down,
On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

39.

All withers here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain;
Stung by full proof that, bad at best,
Life's idle all is vain;

40.

Vain, in its course, life's murm'ring stream:
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
Still vainer from its end.

41.

How wretched! who, through cruel Fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor aims this world affords,
Deplorably content!

42.

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

43.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope then cast
The total up—*Despair.*

44.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its stroke severe most kind.

45.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

46.

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize;
These oft persuade us to be weak,
Those urge us to be wise.

47.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
By Pleasure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

48.

Yet whilst it chides it speaks of peace.
If folly is withstood,
And says, time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

49.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man!
To spend his whole estate,

50.

And beggar an eternity?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

51.

Say not your loss in triumph leads,
Religion's feeble strife
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

52.

But not deferr'd your joy so long.
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

53.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

54.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

55.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

56.

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain:
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

57.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When in the list of Fortune's smiles:
You'll enter frowns of woe.

58.

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursu'd,
Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
Of sound important good.

59.

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties,
And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

60.

Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his decease.

61.

An hour shall come, (you question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

62.

Hear then, without surprise, a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss.

63.

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read:
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

64.

To Resignation swift he flew ;
In her a friend he found ;
A friend which bless'd him with a smile,
When gasping with his wound.

65.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too ;
By travail, and to travail born,
Our sabbaths are but few.

66.

To real joy we *work* our way,
Encount'ring many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms ; as found
A Venus in the block.

67.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

68.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames
By stings of life unvex'd ;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

69

You see then pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth ;
Pangs, by which only can be borne
True happiness on earth.

70.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run,
And say, what is a man unstruck?
It is a man undone.

71.

This moment am I deeply stung—
My bold pretence is try'd
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride.

72.

Now need I, Madam! your support.—
How exquisite the smart!
How critically tim'd the news*
Which strikes me to the heart!

73.

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel:
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd! I bless the blow,
And triumph whilst I mourn.

74.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdu'd
Be reason's empire shown,
Deep anguish comes by Heav'n's decree,
Continues by our own;

75.

And when continu'd past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and what was fate
Corrupts into a crime.

* The death of Mr. Richardson.

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76.

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No ; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

77.

Madam ! I grant your loss is great,
Nor little is your gain :
Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

78.

When Heav'n would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

79.

But such a friend !—and sigh no more !
'Tis prudent, but severe :
Heav'n aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow—with this tear.

80.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive

81.

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

82.

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair.

83.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

84.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of distress.

85.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Æsculapian art:
Know, Love sometimes, mistaken Love!
Plays disaffection's part.

86.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are deny'd.

87.

Are you not then unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.

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88.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy?

89.

He lives in those he left;——to what?
Your now paternal care:
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there;

90.

In features, not of form, alone,
But those I trust of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

91.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
Revolve his battles won,
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son.

92.

Is consolation what you seek?
Fan then his martial fire;
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire.

93.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

94.

Nor, Madam ! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boasters!) than to you.

95.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born.

96.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright ;
High-way'd o'er all the world ;

97.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

98.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire?

99.

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought ;
The battle won, though costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought.

100.

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Outacts a Cæsar's toil.

101.

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

102.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

103.

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd twice by you!

104.

Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd.

105.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace.

106.

Sorrow! of horrid parentage?
Thou second-born of hell!
Against Heav'n's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel?

107.

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By Perseverance brought.

108.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears,
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
And radiant marks of man;

109.

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light, in sons of honest Joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

110.

Is Resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

111.

Resign: and all the load of life
'That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on ONE above;

112.

Who bids us lay our burden down
On His Almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

113.

For joy what cause! how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love!

114.

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun:

115.

From that their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul.

116.

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

117.

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

118.

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

119.

Though man sits still, and takes his case,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment's unemploy'd,
To bless him, if He can.

120.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late.

121.

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

122.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine he child:
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd,

123.

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

124.

Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man to please.

125.

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish, for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

126.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong
That Heav'n in man delights.

127.

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fates;
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

128.

What's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insect's goods so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

129.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
as this no weight? Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

130.

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when Heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

131.

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise.

132.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of Heav'n's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

133.

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand:
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

134.

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

135.

Consummate Love! the list how large
Of blessings from Thy hand?
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
Is thy supreme command.

136.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man who dares to be a wretch
Deserves still greater pain.

137.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Pow'r
Who sweetly plans the whole.

138.

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
Begone, ignoble Grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief:

139

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

140.

Content is joy; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
More precious we pursue.

141.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, int'rest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

142.

But how to smile, to stem the tide
Of nature in our veins;
Is it not hard to weep in joy?
What then to smile in pains?

143.

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it proudly charm.

144.

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex by nature bold,
What then in your's? 'tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

145.

And should not this complaint repress
And check the rising sigh?—
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labor to supply.

146.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delights
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

147.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

148.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

149.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she to, grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air.

150.

A friend you have †, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address,
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your distress.

151.

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, such as these.

152.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n.

153.

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king;
Despotic body reigns.

† Mrs. Montague

154.

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy? she's stone blind,
And quite mistakes her mark.

155.

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

156.

By Resignation: all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on 'earth,
The pillow of mankind.

157.

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace.

158.

That peace, which resignation yields,
Who feel, alone can guess;
'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They must conclude it less.

159.

The loss, or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year.

160.

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd.

161.

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue, is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast,

162.

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

163.

From small experience this I speak;
O grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

164.

My love where due, if not to those
Who leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme?

165.

A theme themselves; a theme how rare!
The charms which they display
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set^{Ph} in bright array.

166.

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die;
Learning and Genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

167.

This revolution, fix'd by Fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

168.

But as those ladies't works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.

169.

So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.

170.

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wisdom's brighter reign;

171.

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

† Mrs. Montague—Mrs. Carter.

172.

And Gorgon shield,—or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone:
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

173.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

174.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free.

175.

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

176.

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

177.

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

1.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
'In ruffling seasons to be calm,
And smile, while fortune frowns.'

2.

Heav'n's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
'To have our own desire.'

3.

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

4.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

5.

'Tis resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

6.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable *Ill's*
Whole army is o'erthrown!

7.

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below;
We trespass on the skies.

8.

The Lord, the Soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and seas.

9.

Beyond us what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

10.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
'This the sublime of man!

11.

Beyond the boast of Pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a foil of lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

12.

! All that the sun surveys subdu'd,
But Cato's mighty mind'—
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd.

13.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives me law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

14.

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to heav'n the rest:

15.

Then be the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

16.

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, '*Thy will be done,*'
Can lay the loudest storm.

17.

Come, resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bless'd martyr's souls
Asceded to their King.

18.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

19.

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by Fate!

20.

His threat'ning foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!—at fourscore
My sole asylum thou,

21.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile.

22.

O for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death!

23.

What sight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,
Hath most of heav'n to boast?
The man resign'd, at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

24

At Death's arrival they shall smile
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
To meet him in his way.

25

My gay Coevals! (such there are)
If happiness is dear,
Approaching Death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear.

26

The fear of Death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, desire.

27

Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise;
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

28

But am not I myself the man?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
What cause to blush at home!

29

In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child outfools the first,
And tempts the lash of Truth.

30

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?

31

Here, Madam! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

32

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

33

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their color too.

34

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away.

35

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot.

36

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

37

What though your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time.

38

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this*?
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

39

Your trash, with mine at open war,
Is obstinately bent†,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

40

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

41

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke:
We shudder, whilst we praise;

* Candide.

† Second Part.

42

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire

43

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire.

44

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late:
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

45

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature starts!
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.

46

'But great your name'—To feed on air
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

47

Can fame your carcass from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe, save?

48

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise, can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

49

Nor boast your genius; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies.

50

Your taste, too, fails: what most excels,
True taste must relish most;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?

51

Sound heads salvation's helmet * seek:
Resplendent are its rays:
Let that suffice; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

52.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—All is right†,
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

53.

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
'Voltaires are now in heav'n.'

* Eph. vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.

54.

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

55.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

56.

Walking, the present GOD was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The GOD as present, by plain steps
Of providential care.

57.

I behold passing through my life:
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

58.

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from His sight?
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the sun is night.

59.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illum'd roll;
May thoughts of Him by whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul!

60.

My soul, which reads His hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in His ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

61.

And knows Him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

62.

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all His wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

63.

Yon' matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great His care!
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

64.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell?

65.

When backward with attentive mind
Life's Labyrinth I trace,
I find Him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:

66.

Through all the crooked paths I trode
My folly He pursu'd;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

67.

Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet
Beneath the mask of ill!

68.

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

69.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

70.

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless:
Oft' I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success.

71.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

72.

And is not this the gloomy path
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

73.

When lab'ring under fancy'd ills,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

74.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free;
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

75.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less;
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success.

76.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

77.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds,
As spangles, o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

78.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

79.

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines;
A record modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines.

80.

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That Wisdom cannot bear.

81.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end;

82.

But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

83.

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night.

84.

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An absolute repose.

85.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown.

86.

But whither points all this parade
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

87.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

88.

Self-knowledge, which from Heav'n itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

89.

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

90.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you.

91.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

92.

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

93.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.

94.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

85.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or sometimes odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,
'Ev'n be content with God.'

96.

Through love he gave yon the deceas'd;
Through greater took him hence:
This reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by Sense.

97.

This friend far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Nor foreign to your state.

98.

His eye, this instant, reads your heart,
A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in His ear.

99.

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, He saw
Ten thousand years ago;

100.

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reason's bound, will He behold
Your prudence with a smile;

101.

A smile which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimnest deities ev'n guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

102.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue ;
How glorious peace in pains !

103.

Here, then, your sorrows cease : if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away.

104.

Of tears that gush profuse restrain ;
Whence burst those dismal sighs ?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strauge truth !) most happy rise.

105.

Nor angels (hear it and exult !)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you and yours,
Of GOD's impartial care.

106.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown ;
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

107.

And is he then so near ? so kind ?—
How little then and great,
That riddle, Man ! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate !

108.

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

109.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His Mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

110.

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

111.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The pow'r in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy.

112.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

113.

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

x 2

114.

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please ;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these.

115.

They warm ev'n me—I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
And fright us, with its love ;

116.

And yet so frightful what, or find,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

117.

And are we darker than that sun?
Than rocks more hard and blind ?
We are ;—if not to such a GOD
In agonies resign'd

118.

Yea, ev'n in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty Love ;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

119.

What most embitters time, that most
Eternity endears ;
And thus by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres ;

120.

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise;

121.

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

122.

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!
Good-will immense prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

123.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea?
One sand, how wide the shore?

124.

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

125.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown!
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown!

x 3

126.

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore

127.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft drops into distress:

128.

Say what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And Wisdom grasping with an hand
Far stronger, ev'ry good.

129.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust.

130.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

131.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

132.

What though I'm swallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
JEHOVAH reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.

133.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form:
Roar, Waves! rage, Winds! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

134.

From Thee immortal spirits born,
To Thee, their fountains flow,
If wise, as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below.

135.

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To Thee our souls aspire,
Than to Thy skies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire:

136.

To Thee aspiring they exult;
I feel my spirits rise.
I feel myself Thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

37.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And gen'rous sense of past,
To Thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And bind affections fast,

138.

Since great Thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim, pronounce us all
Distracted or resign'd :

139.

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth !) in heav'n itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain ?

140.

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ?

141.

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime,
Can indignation raise ?
The sun was lighted up to shine.
And man was born to praise :

142.

And when to praise Thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view ;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two.

143.

For, oh ! ingratitude how black !
With most profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

144.

Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine:
Praise, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;
Praise is already there.

145.

Let plansive Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint;

146.

Makes the man bless'd as man can be;
Life's labors renders light;
Darts beams through Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

147.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament
The richest gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace;

148.

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Or rapture 'twill impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart's in heav'n,
'All heav'n is in your heart.'

149.

But who to heav'n their hearts can raise?
Deny'd divine support,
All virtue dies; support divine
The wise with ardor court;

150.

When pray'r partakes the seraph's fire,
 'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through heav'n's chrystal gates, and gains
 Sure audience of its King:

151.

The lab'ring soul from sore distress
 That bless'd expedient frees;
I see you far advanc'd in peace;
 I see you on your knees :

152.

How on that posture has the beam
 Divine for ever shone?
An humble heart, GOD's other seat!*
 The rival of His throne.

153.

And stoops Omnipotence so low?
 And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
 Well-pleas'd, in such a cell?

154.

Such honor how shall we repay!
 How treat a guest divine?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
 Let self-will die: Resign.

155.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;
 Now, let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
 The dismal human groan.

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

156.

What our sole fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

157.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.

158.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys,
Our grandeur we disgrace.

159.

O for an Archimedes new,
Of mortal powers possess'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breast!

160.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd,
Our origin and end;

161.

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came;
And may, if wise, forever bask
In great JEHOVAH's beam:

162.

Let that bright beam, on reason rous'd
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies:

163.

Earth's glories, too, their splendor lose,
Those phantom charms no more,
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

164.

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave.

165.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

166.

When, human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

167.

The man is dead where virtue fails;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

168.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death! through thy approach
Is wiser ev'ry hour.

169.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare;
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

170.

From kings what resignation due
To that almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still!

171.

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd;
To suffer it resign'd.

172.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

173.

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread pow'r,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

174.

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, spare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

175.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise.

176.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear
Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me.

177.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's pen.

178.

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

179.

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.

180.

Though Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay ;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey ;

181.

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize ;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

182.

From fancy's forge : gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

183.

Voltaire ! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live ;

184.

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birthday of their sorrow ;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

185.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot ;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No Castle* is my lot :

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

186:

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

187:

Hear you that sound? alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

188.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

189.

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd
Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

190.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bless'd eternity;
O may'st thou never, never lose
That more than golden key†!

191:

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part:

† Alluding to Prussia.

192.

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust
That we are still alive?

193.

What have we left? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave.

194,

Happier, than happiest life, his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield:

195.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

196,

O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at six!

197.

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

x 3

198.

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

199.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

200.

Men's praise your vanity pursues:
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will:

201.

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

I.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

2.

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ:
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy.

3.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
Or re-assume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

4.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

5.

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

6.

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

7.

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
'Above, beneath the sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
Jehovah's will be done.'

8.

Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

9.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains:
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of Woe.

10.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you,

11.

You know, there Virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping Error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

12.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

13.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born.

14.

When ev'ry other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly hurl'd away ;

15.

How happy ! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just !
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust !

16.

Well-pleas'd to bear Heav'n's darkest frown,
Your utmost pow'r employ ;
'Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

17.

Whate'er the color of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice ;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
' To praise and to rejoice.

18.

What ample cause ! triumphant hope !
O rich eternity !
I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

19.

And thou ! its great inhabitant !
How glorious dost thou shine !
And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

20.

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or Infidel.

21.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

22.

Resign, resign : this lesson none
Too deeply can instil;
A crown has been resign'd by more
Than have resign'd the will;

23.

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

24.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme:

25.

But, oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thought in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

26.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise,

27.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,
'A teacher thron'd in pomp of words
In deed beneath the taught!'

28.

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
To pave a path to hell.

29.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a soul on fire?
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre!

30.

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(Hard what most easy seems)
'To set a just esteem on that
Which yet he——most esteems.'

31.

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

32.

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

ON THE
DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,
AND THE
ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE

Inscribed to
JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

*Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices,
in the Year 1714.*

Gaudia Curis.

HOR.

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia
known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great esteem and honor due
 I chose, that moment, to profess to you,
 When sadness reign'd, when fortune so severe
 Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
 And when no motive could have force to raise
 A serious value, and provoke my praise,
 But such as rise above, and far transcend,
 Whatever glories with this world shall end;
 Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall
 The son's bright orb, and Cato be forgot. [blot

I sing!—but, ah! my theme I need not tell!
 See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
 Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
 Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
 How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
 We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
 That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
 See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
 And pay a constant tribute not their own.
 Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
 They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
 And when black storms confess the distant sun,
 Her winters wear the wreaths her summers wear:
 Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
 And triumphs are the product of the year.
 To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
 And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle!
 Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
 Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
 Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land!
 Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
 Thy Queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
 'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
 We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
 'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
 Her virtue soothes the tumult of the main,
 And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
 Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
 While millions lie subdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
 How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
 Constant devotion did her time divide,
 Not set returns of pleasure or of pride;
 Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
 But finish'd duty, limited the day.
 How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
 Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
 Her royal couch descending angels spread,
 And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a
 part,

Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
 She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
 Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
 She shed her bounty piously profuse,
 And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
 And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
 He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
 And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta
 New to behold, and awfully surprise! [rise
 Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
 And sacred domes on palaces look down;

A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succor the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye Numbers! who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say, what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest ev'ry grateful breast.

A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd;
A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown;
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.

Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Here random shafts in ev'ry breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat Arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honors of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy [joy,
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb;
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in George the gods can
 bless.

Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown;
An Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:

Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
 Auspicious monarch! what a praise is thine!
 Welcome, great Stranger! to Britannia's throne!
 Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
 Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
 Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
 With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
 With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet;
 And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
 We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
 What hand but thine should conquer and
 compose,

Join those whom int'rest joins, and chase our foes?
 Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
 And by his rival's greatness give him fame!
 Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
 And quit, without a blush, the British crown,
 Secure his honor, though he lose his store,
 And take a lucky moment to be poor. [hour,

Nor think, great Sir! now first, at this late
 In Britain's favor you exert your pow'r:
 To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
 The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
 Whether you chuse to thunder on the Rhine,
 Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:
 In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
 'The greater debt was on Britannia laid;
 They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
 And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share: but may not we have leave to boast,
 That we contemplate and enjoy it most?
 This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
 On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,
 For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
 Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;

And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?
The crown's impatient to enclose thy head,
Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

THE INSTALMENT,

MDCXXVI.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæsitam meritis.

HOR.

With invocations some their breasts inflame ;
I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty Dead! ye garter'd Sons of Praise!
Our morning stars! our boast in former days!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that the sword on his proud thigh he plac'd,
This clasp the di'mond girdle round his waist;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair Glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty genins
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth, [forth,
Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with gen'rous ardor boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd
course!

That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,

When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribband and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe through Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce
steer

A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere,
And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If War's ordain'd, that star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which, rising from the
Thames,

[sent
With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is
To claim the seas, and awe the Continent:
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the Muse shall kindle and aspire;
My breast, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire;
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.

My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
Be this thy partial smile from censure free,
'Twas meant for Merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my
Muse,

Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men.

This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise what Wisdom should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit but their own.

If others think the task is hard to weed
From verse rank Flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep, one means must set them free;
Patron! and Patriot! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honors wear
Nor those retrain when winter chills the year,
The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the sun, [run;
With vig'rous charms can through the seasons
Defies the storm with her tenacious green,
And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are seen;
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring,
And 'midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of Envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Lets fall no honors, but, securely great,
Unfaded holds the color of his fate;
No winter knows, though ruffling factions press,
By wisdom deeply rooted in success;
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd*,
And the charm'd Muses shelter in the shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste Truth indites old Time shall
read.

* Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
Which soon beat high for arts and public good:
Whose glory great, but natural, appears,
'The genuine growth of services and years;

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter

No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
And fondly gilt by partial majesty ;
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease ;
One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
The prince may trust, and yet the people praise ;
His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere ;
His council guides, his temper cheers, our isle,
And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to
smile!

Joy then to Britain, bless'd with such a son ;
To Walpole joy ! by whom the prize is won ;
Who, nobly conscious, meets the smiles of Fate ;
True greatness lies in daring to be great.

Let dastard souls in affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honors fairly won ;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to Virtue's cause.
Honors which made the face of Virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old this azure bloom of glory claim'd ;
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival Wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride,
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
Let Fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes ;
They coldly court desert who fame despise ;

For what's ambition but fair Virtue's sail?
And what applause but her propitious gale?
When, swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore;
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of Envy or by Fortune's tide;
For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let Renown to worth divine incite
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright
Then Merit droops, and Genius downwards
tends,

When godlike Glory, like our land, descends.
Custom the Garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down,
And high Desert embraces fair Renown.
Through rivall'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling in justice to their own decree)
This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
On worthlike that whence first the peerage flow'd
From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them, by rewarding well.

Though strong the twanging nerve, and, drawn
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight; [aright,
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praise,
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more ; for in this dread suspense of Fate
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war ; now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brun'swick for the great event ;
Brunswick ! of kings the terror or defence !
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence ?

SOME THOUGHTS,
OCCASIONED BY THE
PRESENT JUNCTURE*.

Inscribed to
THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Through station'd high, and press'd with public
Disdain not to peruse my serious song, [cares,
Which peradventure, may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's supreme prerogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.

* The rebellion in 1745.

Far as thou may'st give life to Virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degen'rate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.

Such deeds the Minister, the Prince, adorn;
No pow'r is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman but would shew his
'To prince and people thou, of equal zeal! [pow'r?
Be it henceforward but thy second care
'To grace thy country, and support the throne?
'Though this supported, that adorn'd so well.
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious followers; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the North,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home:
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
'Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
Yon savage mountaineers are tame to these.

Against those rioters send forth thy laws,
And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though some seem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's gen'rous views and int'rests
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores, [spread
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Though Britain's Genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, tow'ring stands
With one foot planted on the Continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop awhile;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival int'rests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimest theme! and needful as sublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)
Thus ev'ry statesman thought that ever--dy'd.
There's inspiration in a sable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunderstruck, that eagle, Wolsey, fell;
When royal favor, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, *doubtful* of divine,
Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinall'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article the sum of things!
The point of the first magnitude! that point

Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then chuse; then persevere,
Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
'These, these are politics will stand the test,
When finer politics their master sting.
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
'These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.[swell])
All safety rests on honest counsels; these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally,
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favor of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All ancient schools of empire in disgrace
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.

Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
Enamor'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
Ye Scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.

Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike Strangers! stay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse; the noble pulse of War
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd
And ev'ry battle paid for heroes slain.
No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more.
In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crosiers are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler av'rice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of ev'ry field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends
With all the weight of British wrath to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At ev'ry stroke, and save a sinking land?
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix display'd
Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they
By giving, not supporting, pains and death! [shed;
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal in him,
Whose darling title in the Prince of Peace.
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!

And chiefly those who Rome's first honors wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell!
And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting, [scrap'd
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne?
One that has suck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plund'ring Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbor'd there.

Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still;
Britain! high favor'd of indulgent Heav'n!
Nature's anointed Empress of the deep! [crowns!
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase
Supreme in commerce! that exub'rent source
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To set high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
This once so celebrated seat of pow'r,
From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast!
This terror of Armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair! [awe!
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with
Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
'Thus far, nor farther!'—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,

Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valor won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the Continent, that world of slaves;
This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to Liberty,
That health, that strength, that bloom of civil life!
This temple of still more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly stamp,
And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine:
Why should she longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succor, Albion's crimes?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
Where are her foes most fatal? blushing Truth,
'In her friends,' vices,—with a sigh replies.
Empire on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;
Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim.
But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the
The shaken bark of Britain should outride [bark,
The present blast, and ev'ry future storm?
Give it that ballast which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war obey

Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise :
Above the Florentine's court-science raise ;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world ;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just :
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength ;
Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
Ask you, 'What mean I?'—The most obvious truth ;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once 'disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall ;
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble stand ;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy ;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom ;—
Emasculated, then, most manly might ;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails :
Then wither'd Weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r :
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of
By such bold inroads into foreign lands, [war,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heav'n commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, 'Not strong is human strength;
'And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n.'
O Britain ! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war or sweet in peace!

Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets
Though fenc'd with rocks and moated by the
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard; [main
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
'Though weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could re-
store.

How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War?
Or rather won the day, when War despair'd?
How oft has providential succor aw'd,
Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!

Well may we tremble now; what manners
But wherefore ask we, when a true reply.[reign?
Would shock too much? Kind Heav'n! avert
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain! [events
Heav'n's half-bared arm of vengeance has been
wav'd

In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm.

'That public vice portends a public fall—
Is this conjecture of advent'rous Thought?
Or pious Coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says Reason, eagle-ey'd?

Nay, what says Common sense, with common
Weighing events, and causes, in her scale? [Care
All give one verdict, one decision sign;
And this the sentence Delphos could not mend:
'Whatever secondary props may rise
From politics, to build the public peace,
The basis is the manners of the land.
When rotten these, the politician's wiles
But struggle with destruction, as a child
With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
Or military phantoms void of force,
But scare away the vultures for an hour;
The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
The stench of profligates?) soon lures them back;
On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our spoils,
Of universal empire sure presage!
Till now repell'd by seas of British blood.'

And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colors of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in pow'r:
And from the the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, are the great?
And are there Sampsons that can burst them all?
Yes: and great minds that stand in need of none,

Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose gen'rous
Aids mental motives to push on renown, [blood
In emulation of their glorious sires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.

Some sow good seed in the glad people's hearts,
Some, cursed tares, like Satan in the text :
This makes a foe most fatal to the state ;
A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies ;
(Aided perhaps by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero* rising from the dead,
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succor suitable from lower still)
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state ;
Rend up her ancient honors by the root,
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her I a Hagues,
Her Cresseys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror through the
breast, [reigns,
Through ev'ry gen'rous breast where honor
Through ev'ry breast where honor claims a share?
Yes, and through ev'ry breast of honor void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men ;
Ferment them into spirit ; give them fire
To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
Foul core of all ! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the stream of Time

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Swept, with their vices, from the mountain-height
 Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
 To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
 On flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
 Those names at which surrounding nations shook,
 Those names ador'd, a nuisance! or forgot!
 Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
 But Nature's course; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
 'Tis fix'd, as is the basis of the world,
 Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
 What saw these eyes, surpris'd?—Yet why sur-
 For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call, [pris'd?—
 And how divine was the monition giv'n?
 As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
 My peace disturb'd by rumors from the North,
 While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
 As giving signal of some strange event,
 And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
 Albion the Fair! so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is now contested by her foes,
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
 Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
 By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
 And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

'Ye States! and Empires! nor of empire
 least, [lot,
 Though least in size; hear Britain! thou whose
 Whose final lot is in the balance laid!
 Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
 Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know, then,
 from me,

As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise :
State-ministers, as upright or corrupt,
Are balm or poison in a nation's veins ;
Health or distemper ; hasten or retard
The period of her pride, her day of doom :
And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
Yet believe, Britons ! nor too late believe,
'Tis fix'd ! by Fate irrevocably fix'd !
'Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death.'
Thus it is written :—Heard you not a groan ?
Is Britain on her deathbed ?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,
If this divine monition is despis'd,
May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule !
With rev'rence read ; with steadfastness believe ;
With courage act as such belief inspires ;
'Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree ;
'Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of Time,
By nations sav'd, resounding your applause.

While deep beyond your monument's proud
In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod [base,
Their execrable names who, high in pow'r,
And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
(The meteors of the state !) give Vice her head,
To license lewd let loose the public rein ;
Quench ev'ry spark of conscience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applause :
Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
Their country sell, sell all their father bought
With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd
To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome ;

Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls,
And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Wh' plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that destin'd hell,
Inflicted here, since here their beings end:
That vengeance, soon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
On disbelievers—of the Statesman's Creed.'

Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By most, or all) these truths political [States
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
The Christian Creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend;
And on the Statesman's build a nobler name.

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
What is it but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support [pose,
Our feeble faith—' That they who states com-
That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?'
For GOD is equal, similarly deals
With states and persons, or he were not God;
What means, a rectitude immutable?
A pattern sure of universal right.
What then shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?

Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his
doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True masters *there* are better scholars *here*.
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Christians on their road:
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;
May be surpris'd with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our mortal line? [eye
This, and the next world, view'd with such an
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we regard the politics of Heav'n,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world? a supplement of this:
Without it justice is defective here;
Just as to states, defective as to men:
If so, what is this world? as sure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne, a prophet of the next.

Prize you the prophet? then believe him too;
 His prophecy more precious than his smile.
 How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
 That this should charm us, that should discom-
 pose:

Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
 So long his politics are incomplete;
 In danger he, nor is the nation safe,
 But soon must rue his inauspicious pow'r.

What hence results? a truth that should resound
 For ever awful in Britannia's ear:

'Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
 Sole source of public and of private peace.'
 This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
 And praise and preach it too:—and when that's
 Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot. [done
 What Highland pole-axe half so deep can wound?

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
 Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair?
 Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd)
 Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
 Till hoarse in clamor on enormous crimes?
 Two mighty columns rise in my support;
 In their more awful and authentic voice,
 Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
 Though loud, and far out-threat her threat'ning
 Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead [song.
 That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.

Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
 And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
 Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.

Praise, and immortal praise, is virtue's claim;
 And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
 Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT JUNCTURE.

Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In ev'ry British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.

To close, my Lord ! with that which all should
And all begin, and strike us ev'ry hour, [close
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest
frown'd,—

The morning rises gay : yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades ;
Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day ;
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Though the sun ripens di'monds for their crowns ;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year ; [awe
Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.

VERSES

occasioned by that famous Piece of the

CRUCIFIXION,

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO;

*who is said to have stabbed a person, that he might draw
it more naturally*.*

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies:
He studies torment; dives in mortal woe;
To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colors boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

* Though the report was propagated without the least truth, it may be sufficient ground to justify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

AN HISTORICAL
EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

AN Epilogue, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night,
'To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies;
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade!
Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.

Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder
flew,

And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
'Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart. [lung,

When, robed in black, his children round him
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
'The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow,
So sad the scene: what then must Perseus feel,
'To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel?
'To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
From such a source!—an emperor's embrace?
He sicken'd soon to death; and, what is worse,
He well deserv'd, and felt, the coward's curse;

Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.
No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus---Dive vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations ask---where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
So public blessings are his virtues' due. [bless!
Shout, Britons! shout;---auspicious fortune
And cry, Long live---our title to success!

EPITAPH
AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honest man*
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, JAMES BARKER;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deserves the greatest.
An example
Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,
Industrious in low estate,
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The polish'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

EPITAPH
ON
LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK*,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep :
As men, as Britons, and as Soldiers, mourn ;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate ;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires :
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar ; [more
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the sons of King Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711, and was regularly bred to the seaservice. He commanded the Prince Frederick, at the desperate attack of the Castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the harbor of Carthage, where he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. He was one of the most promising commanders in the King's service.

END OF YOUNG.

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